



Jane in Erif-Wans



knights

swords

adventure

95 1 3

Chapter 1 by Jonnie Green- Movie Maker Jedi and Super Awesome Story Writer (P.S. This is a SECRET identity)

Chasing fireflies, six year old Jane ran through the dewy grass that starlit evening. Her short, straight brown hair bobbed up and down as she ran back and forth from one blinking insect to the next. Her grey eyes shone brightly with the reflection of her parent's campfire a few feet away. Her bare feet were wet with the dew, and the hem of her yellow dress was also damp. Jane's chubby cheeks were flushed with the exercise, and her rosebud lips were wide in a smile. Her two parents laughed as they watched her antics with the fireflies.

Jane tripped and tumbled head over heels for a moment, then she sat up and held very still. A firefly landed right on the tip of her upturned nose for a moments before flying off into the sky. Jane turned then, as her mother called for her. She stood up to answer her mother's call, but the moonlight glanced suddenly off a metallic object lying on the ground. Jane squatted down to have a good look.

"Ooh!" She gasped as she tried to lift it from the ground. The object, whatever it was, appeared too heavy to lift. Jane slid her hand down the length of it, then drew back her hand with a small

cry. A thin line of blood appeared and thickened quickly. Jane's eyes stung with tears as her mother reached her.

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"I-I just touched th-that." Jane sobbed. Her mother bent over further to inspect the item, then reached down and pulled it from its resting place hidden in the grass. The moonlight gleamed brightly on the sharpened blade of a sword. Jane's mother gasped slightly as she beheld the weapon, then taking her daughter's right hand in her own, she walked to the fire to show the sword to her husband.

A little ways away in the wood, a man stood watching them. His black hair swayed in the breeze, and his sharply chiseled face was impassive as he watched the young girl and the sword at the fire. The man's neat mustache and sideburns were black as well, but his face was otherwise clean-shaven. The man wore a dark cloak and a hood, but beneath that bright armor gleamed in the light of the full moon.

"This one is ready as well," he said softly.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



Jane's mother was bandaging her hand, when the young girl suddenly screamed as a large hand fell over her mouth.

"Don't--" growled a man with a full, red beard, his hand on hilt of something sheathed beneath his cloak.

Jane's father had raised the short sword she had found at the shock of these intruders, but it would have been clear to all that he and his wife were but rural folk on holiday, and no match for the armed men who had entered their campsite.

The dark-haired man held Jane fast, his gloved hand clamped firmly over her mouth. She bit his fingers fiercely, but he only seemed to smile at the pain as one does to a nibbling house cat.

"You know why we're here. Think about it," he said, his eyes fixed on Jane's father.

Jane's father winced, his eyes registering indeed knowledge of something the dark man referred to, and it was as if the spirit went out of him in an instant. The red-bearded man moved to his side, and without taking his eyes off Jane, he pulled the sword from his limp hand and then returned to his post.

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"Say goodbye to your daughter now."

Both husband and wife began to tear up.

"Goodbye, Jane. Remember the love of both your mother and father."

And with that, the dark man swept the young girl up and onto a waiting horse. His red-bearded companion followed suit, sheathing the short sword that had cut Jane in a scabbard slung from his saddle, and into the night they rode...

to Erif-Wans.

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